

# HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back."

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

SEVENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1891.

NUMBER 30.

## ANNIHILATION OF PRICES

GREAT STOCK TAKING SALE OF

## CLOTHING LOUIS & GUS STRAUS

PRICE CUT IN TWO.

READ OUR PRICES! READ OUR PRICES! READ OUR PRICES!

Our \$7.50 Suit, worth \$15. Our \$10 Suit, worth \$20.  
Our \$15 Suit, worth \$30. Our \$20 Suit, worth \$40.  
Our \$1 Undershirt, marked down to 50 Cents.  
Our \$1 Drawers, marked down to 50 Cents.  
Our \$2 Undershirt, marked down to \$1.  
Our \$2 Drawers, marked down to \$1.

## BOYS' DEPARTMENT.

All goods marked in Plain Figures. We will cut them in Half, which means 50 cents on the Dollar.

Good Summer Coats at 20 Cents.

Men's Seersucker Coats 50 Cents.  
Worth \$1.00.

This is an opportunity once in a lifetime. Remember you have the best assortment in Kentucky to select from.

## Louis & Gus Straus!

Leading Clothiers of Lexington, Ky.

## Winchester: Female College.

Superior Facilities for the Higher Education of Young Ladies.

First-class in all appointments. Delightful Home. Central Location. Six Departments:

CLASSICS. ENGLISH. MUSIC. COMMERCIAL. ART.

New Buildings and Furniture. Terms Reasonable. Send for catalogue.  
S. W. PEARCY, President.  
j26,3m WINCHESTER, KY.

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DEALER IN:

Hardware, Queensware, Tinware and a full line of Agricultural Implements.

VULCAN CHILLED PLOWS, (best made). EVANS' TRIPLE HARROWS.  
B. F. AVERY & SON'S STEEL PLOWS. WHITLEY'S SOLID STEEL BINDERS AND  
HALL, MITCHELL & CO.'S STEEL HILL- MOWERS.  
SIDE PLOWS. C. LUMBER, TREE AND GRANGER'S SICK-  
IMPROVED MALTA DOUBLE SHOVEL- HAY RAKES.  
PLOWS. COOK'S PATENT EVAPORATORS.  
OLIVER CHILL AND SOUTH BEND PLOW. HAYENS' PORTER CASE MILLS.  
REPAIRS. FISH BROS' CELEBRATED WAGONS.  
STODDARD'S NEW CLIMAX AND THREE- JONES' U. S. STANDARD 5-TON WAGON  
TIRE HARROWS. SCALES, price \$60, with a written guar-  
EVANS' 2-HORSE CORN PLANTERS, antee for 5 years.

The largest stock of Cook and Heating Stoves of any house in Eastern Kentucky.

Cutlery, Shears, and Builders' Hardware a Specialty.  
East side S. Maysville Street, MT. STERLING, KY.

## The English Kitchen

12 West Short Street, LEXINGTON, KY.  
A Model Restaurant in Almost Every Feature.  
SEATING CAPACITY 150.

Fresh Oysters at all seasons. Blue Points, Saddle Rocks, New York Counts and Mobile Corn.

REGULAR MEALS 25 CENTS.

Meals to order at all hours. Delicacies of the season always on hand.  
The most complete and modern kitchen in the State. Among the recent additions is a Miller Improved Range, the finest in the world, with eighteen fires, six steaming attachments, two large broilers, and hot and cold water reservoirs. This range will cook anything from a half a beef to a tid-bit of sweetbread, and is the only one of the kind in Kentucky.

A hearty welcome and the most courteous treatment to all.  
GUS LUGART, Proprietor.

### OVER THE WORLD IN A WEEK.

—Marion, Ind., has a crusade against saloons.

—Illaine's physician says the secretary is greatly improved.

—Spain and Portugal are negotiating a treaty of commerce.

—Ex-Mayor A. F. Bale, of Curry, Pa., committed suicide there.

—Many lives were lost at Brest, France, by storms on the sea.

—Heavy rains are making it very unpleasant for the boomers of Oklahoma.

—The steamer Chickasaw struck a snag near Memphis and sunk. Cargo badly damaged.

—Indian police soldiers are considering a plan to erect a monument to the memory of Oliver P. Morton in the state house grounds.

—The Mexican consul at San Antonio, Tex., says there is no truth in the story that 200 whites were massacred in Mexico by Indians.

—The rescuers at work in the Richardson colliery at Gilchriston, Pa., have given up all hope of reaching the six entombed miners alive.

—Off Newberg, Scotland, a vessel was seen to be on fire. An explosion resulted, and vessel and crew were blown to atoms, it is believed.

—Ralph Lockwood, Sr., an old veteran of Norwalk, O., suicided in a cistern. He was insane from sores on his limbs contracted during the war.

—Chancellor Von Caprivi has given orders that the first prosecutions be begun against socialist workmen for attacking him at a public meeting.

—It is reported that when the French chamber of deputies assembles the negotiations for a formal treaty of alliance with Russia will be presented.

—The dead bodies of Deputy Sheriff Custer and a bartender were found in a saloon in Arthur City, Tex. No clew. Both men were shot in the back.

—Rev. Samuel Benedict, the aged rector of the St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal church of Cincinnati, was caught in an elevator and crushed to death.

At this season of the year people can not be too careful about keeping their bowels regular. Bilious and malarial diseases are often brought on by allowing the bowels to become torpid. An occasional dose of St. Patrick's Pills is all that would be required and might prevent serious sickness. For sale by Rose & Swango.

### STATE SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

—Pineville is about to change hands again for \$1,500,000.

—Thieves stole Mrs. Gus Wauerlight's wedding dress at Louisville.

—Jimmie Blythe, aged 12, of Nortonville, fell on a knife and was instantly killed.

—Warren county has a lower tax rate than for years—\$1 poll and 15 cents ad valorem.

—Lewis Turner, of Harlan county, claims to have found six bears in a trap across Pine mountain.

—Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, consecrated St. Mary's Episcopal church, the first built in Bell county.

—A thief was publicly whipped in Crittenden county last week, under the whipping post set for that county.

—The Germantown Fair wound up with a cutting bee and one or two gentlemen cut their friends up right lively.

—A four-year-old son of Robert Lindsay, of Muhlenburg county, was attacked by a wild hound in a pasture and fatally injured.

—It is believed at Mt. Olivet that Sheriff C. W. Sparks, who eloped last week with Mrs. Lucy Betts, is short in his official accounts.

—Miss Tonie McEwan, who was shot on an L. & N. excursion train recently, is improving and will recover. She will hold the railroad responsible.

—The body of Joseph Werner, of Louisville, was found hanging in the woods near New Albany, Ind. The death of his wife caused despondency and suicide.

—After making a successful fight to be postmaster at Cloverport, Miss Matthews has declined the place. Miss Matthews' reasons for resigning the place are not given.

### WE DO THE

## CLOTHING BUSINESS IN CENTRAL KENTUCKY.

You can make your fare and at least 20 per cent. besides to come to Lexington and buy your clothing.

## SUITS AND OVERCOATS,

for Men and Boys, from us. Besides this, we offer you the largest stock to select from that you can see anywhere.

If you can't come, write and

TELL US WHAT YOU WANT

and we'll send you samples to select from. If goods don't suit that we sell or send you, RETURN AT OUR EXPENSE. If you want a suit made to order and can't come, let us know and we'll send you samples and measuring blank with directions to take your measure, and we'll astonish you how cheap we can make your clothes to order for you. WE SELL WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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M. KAUFMAN & CO.

54 East Main Street,

LEXINGTON, KY.

## The Ohio Wall Paper Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

ART + PAPER + HANGINGS

—AND—

## INTERIOR DECORATIONS,

No. 32 West Fourth Street,

W. H. MEARA, President.

O. G. MITCHELL, Secretary.

CINCINNATI, O.

## CHEAPER SCHOOL BOOKS.

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing that they have just completed arrangements with the American Book Company that will enable him to sell the school-books adopted by the State Board of Education at the following reduced rates:

McGuffey's Small Primer.....	3 1/2	Ray's New First Arithmetic.....	15
Revised Primer.....	3 1/2	Second Arithmetic.....	—
" Eclectic Speller.....	17	Third Arithmetic.....	50
" First Reader.....	17	Key to same.....	50
" Second Reader.....	30	High Arithmetic.....	85
" Third Reader.....	42	Key to same.....	75
" Fourth Reader.....	50	McGuffey's 1st Eclectic Geography.....	55
" Fifth Reader.....	75	2d Eclectic Geography.....	1 10
" Sixth.....	85	3d Eclectic Geography.....	1 30

The above school-book publications of the American Book Company are well-known standards, and we shall at all times have a full supply on hand for sale to school officers, teachers or pupils at the prices named. Other school-books published by the American Book Company, 137 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, supplied at correspondingly low prices. J. T. RAY & CO., Hazel Green, Ky.

## "Seeing is Believing."

And a good lamp must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. Simple, Beautiful, Good—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is absolutely safe and unbreakable. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either.

Look for this stamp. THE ROCHESTER. If the lamp dealer has not the genuine Rochester, and the style you want, send to us for our new illustrated catalogue, and we will send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over 2,000 varieties from the Largest Lamp Store in the World.

ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 43 Park Place, New York City.

## "The Rochester."

## J. W. CRAVEN,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

## UNDERTAKER

—AND DEALER IN—

## COFFINS, CASKETS,

And Trimmings of All Kinds.

I am prepared to furnish, on short notice and at low prices, COFFINS OF ALL KINDS AND SIZES, from the cheapest to the very finest. I can furnish coffins cheaper than you can buy the trimmings. Price of Coffins from \$5 up. I have a fine hearse, and will deliver coffins cheap.

## FURNITURE OF ALL KINDS REPAIRED.

TOMBSTONES! My arrangements are such that I can furnish Tombstones or Monuments from any kind of Marble or Granite, and at the very lowest prices. Very respectfully, &c., J. W. CRAVEN.

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## HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, - - - Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.:  
FRIDAY, - Oct. 16, 1891.

The St. Louis 'Velled Prophets' annual celebration last week was grander than ever before. At least 150,000 strangers were in the city to witness the ceremonies and parade.

Gov. Campbell and Major McKinley met in joint debate at Ada, Ohio, one day last week, and it proved a bad day for McKinley. Campbell knocked him out on every corner.

While bird hunting in Bourbon last Friday, George Wilson was accidentally shot and instantly killed by Frank Crouch. The two young men were always the best of friends, and the accident is greatly regretted by all who knew them.

Gov. Brown last week appointed John D. Mitchell, of Winchester, and Walter S. Harkins, of Prestonsburg, as delegates from this Congressional district to the Southern Road convention, which convenes at Atlanta, Ga., on the 29th inst. They are both good men.

Charles Stewart Parnell, the great Irish leader, died suddenly at his home at Brighton one night last week. Mr. Parnell was the greatest Irish parliamentarian that ever lived, and now that he is gone it will be hard to find a suitable successor. Ireland mourns for him as she never mourned before.

Col. H. M. McCarty, editor of the Nicholasville Journal, was stricken with paralysis a few days ago and is in a very critical condition, with his recovery extremely doubtful. He is one of the oldest members of the State press and the news of his death would be received with much regret wherever he is known.

The champion trotting stallion Nelson, record 2:10, was beaten in three straight heats last week, at Grand Rapids, Mich., by the great Allerton, for a purse of \$10,000, though his time was not lowered. Indeed, the best time made was by Nelson, 2:13 in the first heat, but he was unable to repeat, and Allerton took the race and money in three heats.

Gov. Brown, in a recent interview, expressed the opinion that the convict parole law, under which over a hundred prisoners are now enjoying their liberty, is unconstitutional. It is thought a test case will soon be made, and if the Governor is sustained in his opinion, which is quite probable, convicts will hereafter work out their time or be pardoned by his excellency.

Col. Tom Corbett, ex-Register of the Land Office, has been appointed clerk at the Frankfort penitentiary, vice W. H. Ellis, removed. Tom has been sucking at the public test for a long time, and Gov. Brown doubtless thought that if he deprived him of his "pap" it might prove disastrous to the Democratic party. Gov. Brown also appointed a new warden for the Eddyville penitentiary and made some minor appointments last week.

Suit was last week filed in the Franklin Circuit Court to enjoin Public Printer Johnson and Secretary of State Headley from printing and issuing the new constitution, on the ground that the convention had no right to revise that instrument after it had been ratified by the people. The plaintiffs to the suit are Col. Walter Evans and Capt. Silas Miller. As Mr. Johnson has already delivered 1,900 copies of the document, the case will be tried upon its merits.

Bro. Walton, of the Stanford Interior Journal, rises to remark: "Among the delegates appointed by Gov. Brown to the convention for the improvement of western waterways to be held at Evansville, Ind., October 14 and 16, are L. J. Blakely, E. A. Gullion, Will S. Triplett, an ex. These selections show that the governor is a man of much sagacity. If there is any class of people thoroughly conversant with the question of water, the editors are those people. Moreover, they know how to make a little go a long way, a very useful knowledge in these times of drought."

## MORGAN COUNTY.

### Foot Evolutions.

Ezel and vicinity was well represented at the Hazel Green Fair, which closed last Friday, and considering territory and population we believe we carried off as many if not more prizes than any other section in this county. We are much elated over winning the foot race, which was the most exciting scene during the Fair. It was won by Floyd Barker, a boy about sixteen years old living near this place. He ran against three men, two of which, it is said, were never out-run before, and he had that morning walked about seven miles and then rode bareback some three or four miles to get there in time.

[The foregoing was sent for publication last week, but was unavoidably crowded out.—Ed.]

Our mail schedule is sick again. Most all of our "up mail" that comes to Maytown one day we do not get till the next day, so our mail and papers which should reach us on Saturday lay over at Maytown until Monday. What's the matter?

As soon as the Hazel Green Fair had located the handsome unmarried lady, our young friend Hugh Beatty, from Beattyville, was seen here and showed evidence of full sympathy with the judgment rendered.

Mrs. Mary F. Nickell was last night called to see her mother who had another stroke of paralysis. She was visiting her son Roe Maxey, on Licking, when taken sick.

Circumstances prevented the Master of Ezel Lodge, F. & A. M., attending Grand Lodge at Louisville last week, and A. B. Pieratt went instead.

Rumor has it that W. B. Goad and Morris Carr with their families have gone to Kansas by horse-power and wagon conveyance.

Wm. Henry last week sold his fine stallion to J. B. Cecil and others in Morgan, but we did not learn the price paid. George Peyton and Raney Vest, who with their families moved to Texas about six months ago, returned last week.

S. G. Sample and wife, who have been on a visit to Virginia, have returned.

Died, on the 11th inst., Mrs. Neila Goad.

October 12.

BLURT.

### Cane Conceptions.

Miss Cally Kempton, of Mt. Sterling, has been visiting friends and relatives at this place for several days but will return home soon, much to the regret of one whose name is Sam, who has been heard soliloquizing about this way:

"I thank the Lord! I know her address, I'll write her a billet doux and my grief express."

Green Stacey has nearly completed his residence, which will be the finest in this section and a credit to the master workman, D. C. Lykens, who is, by the way, a fine mechanic.

L. J. Benton left for Louisville to represent Greenville Lodge, U. D. F. & A. M., in the Grand Lodge. F. M. Lykens also accompanied him, representing Highland Lodge.

Corn cutting is the order of the day. Corn crops are more than average both in acreage and quality.

T. J. Burton took his second ride on the Masonic golf last Saturday night.

John R. Lykins was married on last Wednesday to a Miss Hancy.

Stacey & Patrick are buying cattle for the Mt. Sterling market.

Charley Lykens, son of G. B. Lykens, is a very low with fever.

T. J. Burton bought a horse recently for which he paid \$100.

October 10.

FALCON.

## For Boils, Pimples

carbuncles,  
scrofulous sores,  
eczema, and all other  
blood diseases,  
take

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It will  
relieve and cure  
dyspepsia, nervous  
debility, and that  
tired feeling.

Has Cured Others  
will cure you.

## TEACHERS' INSTITUTE PROCEEDINGS

With a new trimming machine, a modern stapler, best job press, an abundance of type and superior workmen, we are better prepared to print Institute Proceedings than any office in Eastern Kentucky. Please give us your orders. SPENCER COOPER, Editor Herald, Hazel Green, Ky.



## 2148. Citizens National Bank WINCHESTER, KENTUCKY.

PAID UP CAPITAL.  
**\$175,000.00.**

WASH MILLER,  
PRESIDENT.

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CASHIER.

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ASST. CASHIER.

Has ample facilities for doing a general banking business. Solicits deposits, makes collections, gives prompt and careful attention to all business entrusted to it, and extends to its customers the most liberal accommodations consistent with correct banking business.



Watches retailed at wholesale prices.

Call or write for anything in the

## JEWELRY LINE.

Established quarter of a century. Everything fully guaranteed.

Otis W. Snyder,

No. 8 NORTH UPRY STREET,

LEXINGTON, KY.

## HAZEL GREEN MILLS.

Having just thoroughly overhauled the Hazel Green Mills, we are now better than ever prepared to do

## Custom Grinding.

And we respectfully ask all wishing Corn or Wheat ground to give us a trial. We guarantee satisfaction.

HAZEL GREEN MILL CO.

J. B. Sharp. Bruce Trimble. T. G. Denton.

## SHARP, TRIMBLE & DENTON,

MT. STERLING, KY.

Have now a complete line of Clothing, Hats, Boots, Shoes and Gents' Furnishing Goods. We solicit an inspection of our goods, and guarantee prices satisfactory and articles as recommended.

JAMES P. FANT,  
WITH THE "OLD RELIABLE"  
Hat House of W. S. Dickinson & Co.,  
Cor. Pearl & Vine, CINCINNATI.

Invites all of his mountain friends, and especially the merchants, to give him a call when in the city.

W. J. SEITZ,  
WITH  
Thos. Henderson & Son,  
WHOLESALE

HARDWARE

ASHLAND, KY.

## Do You Need Money?

If so, you can get something better than dollars from us. The completion of the K. U. R. R. to Jackson has cut us off from a large wholesale trade heretofore had by us in several counties east, and left on our hands an immense stock of goods, which we are compelled to unload, and in order to do so we are determined to make prices do the work, prices which will make our patrons happy and make competition howl. We offer to Country Merchants extra inducements, and guarantee to them lower prices than they ever got before. We are overstocked and must unload. Remember we will duplicate any bill, with freights added, either wholesale or retail, east or west, north or south, up hill or down. We are now receiving such lines, bought for CASH at bottom bargains, as will fill every department. New, fresh, seasonable, choice and cheap. We can astonish you with

## CHEAP TABLES

covered with goods at half prices. As the prices we name merely give us a chance to get our money out of the goods, we cannot afford credit. Goods will be sold for cash only, or country produce, live stock and school claims taken in exchange.

We have opened a new department under the charge of Miss Laura Rawlings and Miss Lula Day, which is fully stocked with fine Millinery, Notions, Ladies' Furnishing Goods, Wall Paper, Carpets and Oil Cloths, School Books and Supplies, Pictures and Frames etc., etc. Miss Rawlings is a thoroughly competent Milliner and Dress Maker, and we offer you a City Stock to select from. You can get as fine and stylish Millinery and Dresses here as anywhere, and at the very lowest prices. Yours, etc.,

## J.T. DAY & CO., HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.

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The Largest Drug House in the Ohio Valley.

Manufacturers of 228 REMEDIES that are Sold by the Dozen.

10,000 Square Feet of Floor Room. 28 Hands Employed.

<p>Sole proprietors of the famous <b>NERVE KING!</b> The only remedy that is sold on an absolute guarantee to cure all Pains and Aches, Cramps and Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, etc. Used internally and externally. The best Liniment in the world. PRICE 25 CENTS.</p>	<p>Sole proprietors of the renowned <b>HINDOO KIDNEY CORDIAL!</b> For the permanent cure of Pains in the Back, and all disorders of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs. Thousands of certificates of those who have used this remedy, will be sent on application. PRICE \$1.00.</p>
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FOR SALE BY DRUG STORES, AND COUNTRY STORES EVERYWHERE.

J. M. KELLY, President.

WM. BRIGHT, Secretary and Treasurer.

WHENEVER YOU VISIT LEXINGTON,  
—CALL ON THE—

## Lexington Foundry Co.

Office 99 EAST MAIN STREET.

Shop K. U. RAILROAD, near 7th St.

They are operating THE LARGEST FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP IN THE STATE east of Louisville.

All kinds of BOILER AND ENGINE REPAIRING SKILLFULLY DONE, AT THE LOWEST LIVING PRICES. J. M. KELLY, President.

Office 99 EAST MAIN STREET,  
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YANKIE, SEIP & CO.,  
JEWELERS OF  
Hats, Caps, Gloves, & Straw Goods  
AND UNDRELLAS.

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O'NEAR & BIGSTAFF,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
MT. STERLING, KY.

Practice in the courts of Montgomery and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals and Federal Courts.

JOB PRINTING NEATLY, CHEAPLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE. Send your order.





# Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, I. KY.

## FIRE FANCIES.

I am sitting by the fire,  
In its warm and steady glow,  
While the day is slowly dying,  
And the shadows come and go;  
And within the glowing embers,  
Shadows form I seem to see—  
Shadows that bring back to memory  
Friends and days once dear to me.

And through this freighted dream  
Pleasant is, yet still they run  
Through it all deep tones of sadness,  
Like to shadows 'ere the sun;  
For the dear ones whose sweet faces  
Made my heart so glad and gay,  
Now are absent; and I miss them  
As I talk and dream today.  
And I see their dream faces  
In the dim and flickering light.

Yet some day in the future,  
If our Father will it so,  
I shall meet my friends in dream  
In the freighted ruddy glow.  
For tonight, when they are absent,  
It is pleasant just to see  
In the glowing light before me,  
Faces of those dear ones  
I felt and dream and wonder,  
In the fire flames' ruddy glow,  
While the day is slowly dying,  
And the shadows come and go.  
—Good Housekeeping.



## CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

Russell shook his head.  
"There is a young man who may soon be able to join with me in the present. He has not the funds, but he has expectations and a world of energy. Young blood."

"But your blood. Do you think because a man is fifty or over that he's good for anything? Why, look here, I'm fifty-eight, and three inches shorter than you are, but I'll bet an apple core of wood while you're splitting a fork."

Russell smiled incredulously and squared his broad shoulders. Ray got red in the face. He was a vigorous man, and he hated to be called old. Russell knew it, and he wanted to see Ray.

"You don't ask me to go into this scheme of yours," said Ray, after walking up and down the floor with the step of a pedestrian.

Russell pretended to be embarrassed.

"You would not feel like giving much time to it," said he, "and besides the young man of whom I have spoken will soon—"

"I'm as young as he is, by Jingo," cried the man of dollars, snipping his chest. "I could outrun him, outstep him and throw him three times out of five, breeches held, or you either."

Russell smiled again, and Ray roared for his case. The situation was beginning to look serious. It was not the old man's intention to use the cane as a weapon, however.

"So here, young Mr. William Russell," said he, "there was a game we called 'pulling sticks.' Two fellows sat down on the floor, braced their feet together and pulled with all their might until somebody had to come up. Now, I'll bet you fifty dollars I can pull you up inside of one minute."

"I don't think you can, sir," said Russell, respectfully.

"I'll take you I. O. U.," cried Ray, dropping on the floor with a thump that threatened the front door. "Sit down here, and I'll give you a few lessons in the value of my well-spent youth."

Russell sat down and asked the cane, and the strange tug-of-war began. It was a painful thought to Russell that a good many thousand dollars were lost by holding these athletic sports in private. Doubtless five hundred men in the street would have given fifty dollars for admission to the performance.

There was a shock with a second hand on the wall, and the contestants tumbled themselves. Neither gained a hair's breadth in the third quarter, nor in the second, nor the third, nor the fourth. But each was a few seconds after the tug began Russell rose into the air, reared over his opponent's head and struck the wall behind him.

"Great Scott," exclaimed Ray, as soon as he could get his breath. "I never did the trick as well as that before. Old man! Are any of your bones broken?"

Bring down your papers and your model to-morrow, and I'm with you."

This was a little sudden for Russell. It was needless to say that he had no invention to offer. It had been his intention to discuss a kind of an invention Ray would be willing to back, and then had a long-haired crank who thought he had it.

"I must have a little more time, sir," he said. "The matter is not yet arranged. Let us say next Friday."

"All right, and don't stop for a matter of money. I've always got enough to put into a good thing."

"But my dear sir," said Russell, "you don't know what this is, yet."

"I don't care a continental what it is," replied the millionaire promptly. "If it's a good thing we'll put our money into the machine. If it isn't, we'll have to get it out of the stock. It's material to me which we do. Bring it along!"

## CHAPTER VII.—THE LOSS OF AN INVENTION.

"The machine is not set in motion, will never stop," said the inventor, as he poured out a glass full of beer; "I regret to say that I have not yet learned how to set it in motion, but that's a little thing. The machine is a little difficultly will come—and he tapped his forehead confidently."

He was a lean-bodied, thin-legged man, clad in ill-fitting and soiled garments. His face was not harmonious with his gaunt figure. It was of the German type, round and full in the cheeks, with high color, and nandy beard and mustache. The contrast told his story; his hands were big and strong, while his himself had had only the poor nourishment of two hours; and Russell had begun to fear that the poor fellow's social organs realized the dream of endless motion which his invention would forever disappoint.

"I have no use for this machine unless it can go," said Russell. "I read the story of a reporter who said that his movements were such as he had never seen in any thing inanimate before."

The inventor smiled as he filled his glass with beer and placed the empty bottle with twenty others in a circle around the edge of the table, in the middle of which stood the wonderful machine.

"I remember the young man well," said he. "A pleasant fellow he was, too, but he hadn't your head for beer. We drank only seventeen bottles that morning, and yet he told me that this machine went whirling round and round with a motion he felt sure that nothing in Heaven or earth could ever stop. His description was not wholly accurate, but it gave that idea of endless rotary force which my machine will realize some day. I think he must have written the story immediately after leaving me, though I would not at the time have thought it possible. It was not a deception of the public; it was a view in advance of the reality. We shall see some day."

"I am afraid I can not wait," said Russell; "but let me give you some advice. Don't stop so steadily at this thing. Get something else to do, and let this be your relaxation. It will be better for you and it will not hurt the machine."

"I had hoped for a payment for the twenty bottles of beer, but the inventor was a cheerful good-bye and escaped just as another lecture on occult mechanics was about to begin."

On the second day of Russell's search for an invention, he had begun the work as soon as he had left Gilbert Ray's office after the little game of "pulling sticks." An advertisement in a newspaper had told him that a number of letters from inventors, and he had begun to sift their merits. The result so far had not been encouraging. The first lead of replies had consisted of twenty new, many and on a percentage, fraud; but among those which were waiting for him at the newspaper office after his adventure with beer and personal motion was one which gave promise of real value. It was a rough, straight forward letter, signed John Deering. The writer described himself as an assistant foreman in a shop where electrical machinery was made. He had long been familiar with the subject, practically and theoretically. He had invented an electrical engine, and he would like to have the advertiser see it.

Russell called upon John Deering that evening at his home in a suburban town. The Deerings lived in a house well kept and full of comfort. There were signs of a first class order and a comfortable home. The inventor's daughter, a neat and pretty girl of fourteen, answered Russell's ring and ushered him into the presence of her father, who was sitting in a comfortable rocking chair, reading a book. Mrs. Deering and a little boy were present, and it was evident that the mother had been helping her son with his lessons. Russell was made welcome by general conversation, and then the two men were left together.

Russell looked at Deering and trusted him. That feeling was the first of which he had any conscious at the sight of the man. Though he had found him surrounded by every sign of peace and good will and moral rectitude in the light of that best evidence of a man's respectability, his happy home, Russell could not repress unfavorable suspicions. It was Deering's face which bore false witness against him. It had an unusual feature, and its general effect was not unbecoming, but it was a face that betrayed itself. The eyes were pale; they had no light in them; they looked the

man's thought, and there was a deep line in the center of the brow, giving the effect of sullen discontent.

But Russell, though he knew his own conduct to be not altogether criticism, carried the utmost candor in his countenance. He was a man to inspire confidence—and make the most of it.

"You don't like the looks of me," said Deering.

"No," said Russell, "I don't like the looks of me."

"I think you are rather a handsome man," said Russell.

"It isn't a question of beauty," said Deering. "It's confidence or the lack of it. I shall tell you about my invention, and you won't believe a word I say. It has been so in every case—all my life. I have taken my models to many capitalists. They wouldn't look at the models; they looked at me. Personally, I am not a practicable machine, and I never got a dollar's worth of backing."

"You are well-to-do," said Russell. "Why haven't you put the thing on the market yet?"

"I have some money in the bank, and a little property besides," replied Deering.



## CHAPTER VIII.—THE SOCIETY FOR GENERAL CULTURE.

"This machine, if once in motion, will never stop," said the inventor, as he poured out a glass full of beer; "I regret to say that I have not yet learned how to set it in motion, but that's a little thing. The machine is a little difficultly will come—and he tapped his forehead confidently."

ing, "but every invention involves a risk, and I will take the chances where my wife and children are involved. I will not reach out after wealth even for them, if I must hazard their comfort and security. We got along very well as we are."

Russell could not help strongly approving this decision, and he wondered why the words did not give him a good impression of the man, but they did not.

"The more I think of it, the more I think of it," he thought, "but I don't believe the invention is of any value." On the contrary, an examination of the models convinced him that the invention was an electro-motor device of the most practical utility. He had not deceived Mr. Ray in saying that he understood electrical contrivances. He was really very well informed on the subject. In fact, he was able to point out a minor improvement in Deering's device, and thus to win the inventor's respect. When they had discussed the model thoroughly, Russell had no doubt that it was the very thing he wanted. Nothing but the terms remained to be settled.

On this point Deering was very firm. He would waive no right whatever, and he was with difficulty persuaded that it would be necessary for him to remain for a time in the dark as to the exact nature of Russell's relations with the capitalist. Finally Russell said: "I have a loan with your invention, except as a loan. I will take it and give you my I. O. U. for it, or any other legal or illegal instrument which the ingenuity of the law can devise. It shall bind me to return the patent right in my own possession and to return it to you after two years, with all the profits and advantages I have obtained by it, except the salary which I can devote the company into making me, for so long, I will borrow your invention; develop it and then return it to you. Is it a bargain?"

"It is," said Deering. "For I think you are an honest man."

"I wish I could agree with you more fully," said Russell to himself; "but at least my designs toward you are honorable."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE SOCIETY FOR GENERAL CULTURE.

When Russell called at the house of the Rays again he was quickly made aware that a change had come upon the daughter of the millionaire. Nobody could have said with any degree of truth that she was a more sober and serious model than she had been before. The chair which she had been occupying was surrounded by books of an educational and forbidding character, and though there was a suggestion that the young lady had tired of each in turn, still there were no signs of relaxation.

"I have been thinking of what you said to me the other evening," she began, "and I have come to the conclusion that you did not mean it."

"I have been thinking of what you said to me the other evening," she began, "and I have come to the conclusion that you did not mean it."

except on frivolity. Ah, well; I have discovered it too."

"Miss Ray," said Russell, solemnly, "you are wholly mistaken. My style of conversation was due entirely to the weakness and vacuity of my mind. At the time, I was under the impression that if my words could be recorded, they would make valuable material for advanced text books on a variety of subjects. I now perceive that they were the gibberings of imbecility. Pray forgive me, and I will try to do better. I would suggest that we discuss the geometry of a dimension."

"Is it nice?" said Alice, with some hesitancy.

"It is highly interesting, and also largely speculative that the mere fact of my moving next to nothing about it will not interfere with the discussion. You remember, of course, that in analytical geometry, equations of the second degree involve two dimensions; of the third degree three. We know them as length, breadth and thickness. Now, then, an equation of the fourth degree should involve four, hence the question naturally arises: What is the fourth dimension?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Alice. "I can't think of anything but bigness. That is a dimension, isn't it?"

"Hardly, in a geometrical sense. We will suppose three axes intersecting perpendicularly at a given point, and at other place which they find convenient. Now, then, in terms of the distance of any point from these axes we are able to express—pardon me if I observe that you are going to sleep."

"Old no," said Alice, "but I couldn't help wondering what the other girls would wear."

"Might I inquire who the other girls are?"

"Didn't I tell you? I've joined a society for culture. It's all girls but you. You're in it. We couldn't think of any other man who knew enough to belong to it."

Russell wondered whether there were any other men who didn't know enough to keep out of it. He had an instantaneous mental picture of himself in the act of maintaining an instructive conversation with eight or ten girls.

"The society meets here to-night," continued Alice; "I thought they would come early, and it was their delay which made me wonder whether they would all appear in party dresses. It will be mean if they do, because the understanding was that every thing was to be staid and simple."

"Yesterday," said Alice, "I proposed your name. Marion Hill is a member. Her brother Richard knows you. We wanted him to join, but he told Marion that he would rather be electrocuted, and asked her to convey his condolences to you. Of course he didn't think she'd tell us."



## RUSSELL DISCUSSES A DIMENSION.

tell us, but she did. Oh, here are two girls," she added, as the door-bell rang, "and Mr. Russell, if you please, don't start on a five dimensional to-night. I shouldn't want to be the only girl at the very first meeting who didn't know one single thing you were talking about."

The room was full of pretty girls and each with a smart. Russell survived the embarrassment of his presentation, and even began to be considerably amused by his position. He was surprised to find that there were only seven girls, including Miss Ray. He had supposed that there were fifty when they first dined upon his sight.

Suddenly, by a common impulse, the adorable half dozen rushed up to Miss Ray and said with one voice: "Oh, you found a good name for the society we haven't." They then all turned upon Russell and exclaimed: "Of course you know a real nice name for it, Mr. Russell."

Before the young man could reply—ever supposing that he could have replied at all—Miss Hill picked up one of the books which Alice had been trying to read.

"Oh, it's history," said she. "Alice, for goodness sake, don't let's study history. I don't know any thing about it, it isn't the least use trying to learn now."

"I can't learn Greek at eight," said Russell, "you might begin history at eight."

"You might have begun it at eight," said Alice, "but you didn't. It was when you were at Mr. Law's school. Poor old man! He's been dead ever so long."

## [TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A MOMENT'S AMUSEMENT.

Hubbard—"What have you been doing all day?"

Wife—"Shopping."

Hubbard—"Only shopping. I was afraid you had been buying—N. Y. Good News."

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—The late ex-Gov. Paul Dillingham, of Vermont, always used the appellation of "Mr." to his name, though almost ninety years of age.

—Among the manuscripts left by the late Count von Moltke, Prof. Falkenberg, his biographer, has found a "Confession of Faith." The great marshal affirms his belief in God and a future life. The "Confession" will be published among the other works.

—George Washington's nearest living kin is Mrs. Fanny Washington Finch, of Washington, D. C., a great-grand-niece of the Father of his Country. She is a tall, majestic woman, and in features resembles the portraits of her distinguished relative. She is the youngest and the only survivor of twelve children.

—One of the most influential men in Copenhagen is Herr Councillor Persler, who was first secretary of the Danish, Tidende-Bureau, Sydhavn, Aftenposten, Dags-Bureau and Dagbladet. With the exception of Herlugske the Tidende and Avisen, Herr Persler controls every important conservative paper in the Danish capital.

—Robert J. Burdette is making his mark as a preacher, and can get off as good a sermon as he can write a joke. And his public utterances are free from disagreeable drawl. There is no editor to blue-pencil his happy thoughts, and the foreman doesn't come around to announce that he has "no room for that stuff."

—James T. Field, of Boston, the wife of the publisher, is said to possess one of the most valuable literary collections in the world. In the library are numbers of valuable MSS. and numerous letters, and in the garden, at the rear of the house, grow trees which were planted by many famous authors and public men.

—Richard Mansfield, the actor, is the son of Miss Edmunds, the once famous actress, and a successful and successful instructor. She was much opposed to her son's choice of the stage as a profession. Mr. Mansfield was successfully engaged in business in the dry-goods house of Jordan, Washburn & Co. in Boston, before he began his career as an actor.

—It is said that Annette Rivers will apply the money received for her new novel "According to St. John" in the new novel, "A Friendless Girl," which contains the impetuous of Paris written by the writer during her stay there. She is credited with saying: "I have worked very hard and hope I have written a novel of the vagueness of style which offended people so much. I consider the things I do now as simply studies, and I am searching all the while."

—Mr. Walliser recently said in regard to "Skipper Ireson's Ride," the controversy concerning which has broken out again: "I thought I had made all the amendments possible for that. The story was told me by an old schoolmaster, and I said it was good. When the fact was made known to me that he was responsible for the abandonment of the wrecked ship, I so stated it in my published poems. I would not intentionally do harm to anyone."

## HUMOROUS.

—Visitor—"You've grown, Tommy, since last year." Tommy, (disobediently)—"Oh, yes. Why, I only came up four weeks between."—Cathier and Parulisher.

—A scientist announces that he has discovered "peculiarly beautiful mummy" in "Thebes." The scientific idea of the mummy is so old, and so common, that of the crank-kathode—Washington Star.

—Joked by the Price.—(Customer)—"You say these twenty-five-cent eggs are from the 'Clerk'—'Yes, sir, I do.' You have any doubts about it? Perhaps I had better charge you thirty cents."—Yankee Blade.

—Shopman—"Will you allow me to see your hat, sir?" "Yes, sir, I will." "So, thank you, I'm driving." Lady's Little Girl (in ecstasy)—"Oh, mamma! Are we going back in the yellow bus?"—London Daily.

—Miss Smitz—"I like to visit with you, Mr. Woodrow; but why don't you ever reverse?" Woodrow—"Well, I have reversed enough in my business without bringing them into my pleasure."—Boston Courier.

—Walters—"Don't approve of this idea of burying every eminent citizen with a brass band." Potts—"It would not be so bad, though, if they'd bury a brass band with each eminent citizen."—Sud. Misapprehension.—Miss Sevelingues.—"Oh, Mr. Gilthunt, this said proposal surprises me—I am embarrassed." Mr. Gilthunt—"Embarrassed? Then I take it all back. I ought not to have said as much as the bank of England."—Kate Field's Washington.

—"You don't love me as much as you did," pouted young Mrs. McRiddle. "But I just told you you were worth your weight in gold." "Yes; but you said that when we were first married, and I weigh seven pounds less now."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Examiner.

—Not long ago, in a public school examination, an eccentric examiner demanded: "What views would King Alfred take of universal suffrage, the description and printed books, if he were living now?" A pupil rose to answer:—"If King Alfred were still alive, he would be too old to take any interest in anything."



## THE REQUIEM OF THE RINK.

A Seedy Belle of the Days Now Gone Forever. It is Hoped.

"Roller Skating at the Link Tonight," was the painted legend over the entrance to the great hall on State street, just south of Thirty-third street. There fluttered and dropped the canvas signs in a few years ago, would have called called hundreds from every highway and byway, and now it half retreated from the crowded streets where passed not one so poor to do it reverence. The sign was old and it had outlived its day of triumph; the new lettering seemed lined in all the sorrow of a painted face once beautiful.

When night came and one thousand lights flickered and glared along the street, the sign seemed more in its element. A German band came out and played Strauss waltzes and a few of the old guard, all with medals and silver-tipped skates, straggled into the hall.

Again there was roller-skating at the rink. There was the trick skater, the erstwhile roller queen, the abundant young boy, little girls that looked like angels and teeth, and the man who was never on rollers. That man in the pea-jacket and water-slicked hair is a great trick skater. He does look a little seely now, but then he used to be a well-known figure. He is doing his best "monogram" now. There is a woman watching him. She must weigh at least two hundred pounds. She has two little arches on her nose, and with dirty faces and few clothes. Who is it? Why, that is Mrs. Becker, now, her husband is a saloonkeeper. You may remember her as the dashing Mrs. P. A. Becker, who used to be such a queen at the Princess rink and nightly sped over a hundred hearts with her gold-tipped rollers.

Over the sounding floor are circling the rollers, few in numbers, old in years. The German band did its best, but it could not awaken the enthusiasm of the absent thousands. It played the "March of the Furies," a splendid music once for roller skating.

A little woman, unnoticed before, leans over the gallery rail and looks at the musicians. She is almost alone in the east gallery. Her face is refined but lined with sorrow. That man next to her with the waxed mustache is her husband. The little woman looks for beyond the blazing lights, and from the other darkness conjures up dead memories. She grows restless of the dull anvil beside her whom forever she must call husband. But once she was so proud of him. She met him at the rink. He was a beautiful skater, and that was enough. Everyone, even in her choice coterie, was glad to listen to his words of wisdom on the proper art of skating, and all were proud to receive his concluding invitation to ride upon the floor with the rest. He had bought her such a pretty pair of skates, with little white straps and silver buckles; and then he taught her the fancy figures so patiently. And she married him.

Foreing back the last thought she remembered her winter holidays at the academy. The little frozen lake just off the grounds, where she used to see the winter wind and the sun seemed ever warm. What hours of happiness were tossing about in the waters of the lake! Then came the roller craze, and she and she were skating, and the best, the flaming gas jets, and the perfume of congealed perspiration! Well, she had.

And there were snail halls all over the city. Now there are all things, variety halls, or public dance rooms. "Say, Minna, look at the old dame trying to get her wheels off." The little woman turned around and took up her own. The old guard were filling out her own, the last remnant of the once great army. A passing boy tore down the loosened sign and threw it in the street, where a crowd of housewives' heads clustered its remains. Chicago Tribune.

## CURIUS FINDINGS.

The Longest Word in the Language and Several Old Sentences.

"I have found the longest word in the English language," writes a correspondent. "It is 'Volapudistik' (Volapudistik is the next longest, but I make them out: 1, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 2, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 3, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 4, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 5, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 6, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 7, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 8, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 9, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 10, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 11, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 12, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 13, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 14, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 15, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 16, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 17, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 18, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 19, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 20, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 21, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 22, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 23, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 24, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 25, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 26, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 27, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 28, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 29, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 30, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 31, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 32, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 33, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 34, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 35, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 36, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 37, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 38, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 39, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 40, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 41, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 42, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 43, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 44, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 45, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 46, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 47, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 48, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 49, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 50, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 51, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 52, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 53, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 54, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 55, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 56, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 57, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 58, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 59, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 60, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 61, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 62, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 63, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 64, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 65, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 66, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 67, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 68, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 69, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 70, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 71, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 72, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 73, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 74, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 75, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 76, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 77, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 78, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 79, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 80, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 81, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 82, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 83, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 84, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 85, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 86, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 87, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 88, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 89, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 90, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 91, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 92, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 93, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 94, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 95, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 96, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 97, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 98, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 99, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 100, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 101, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 102, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 103, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 104, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 105, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 106, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 107, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 108, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 109, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 110, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 111, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 112, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 113, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 114, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 115, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 116, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 117, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 118, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 119, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 120, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 121, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 122, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 123, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 124, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 125, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 126, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 127, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 128, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 129, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 130, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 131, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 132, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 133, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 134, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 135, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 136, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 137, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 138, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 139, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 140, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 141, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 142, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 143, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 144, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 145, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 146, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 147, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 148, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 149, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 150, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 151, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 152, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 153, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 154, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 155, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 156, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 157, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 158, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 159, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 160, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 161, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 162, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 163, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 164, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 165, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 166, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 167, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 168, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 169, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 170, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 171, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 172, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 173, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 174, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 175, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 176, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 177, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 178, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 179, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 180, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 181, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 182, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 183, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 184, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 185, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 186, hon-or-ful-en-hill-ten-ity; 187, dispo-pro-tion-a-ble-ness; 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